

Road Warrior by Vinnie Paz

Yeah, Pazienza

Yo Lib, what up baby?

Slaine, my brother from another

Philly to the Bean all day

Official Pistol Gang

Ill Rock

[Verse 1: Adlib]

Road Warrior, murdering miles

Guzzle bottles, splash puddles on models

Got the club shit that you catch on the dial

This that drug shit that get kept in the vials

Wild style, staying in a box-car

Fame in the street, entourage of rock stars

Pop lock up cars, switch up daily

Dive bar, shitty store, sniffers pay we

Outlaws, alcohol fuel our cravings

Blow cigars, get scarred, fuck safety

Risk takers, paper chasers

Box your motherfucking face with razors

Ruthless assholes, my crew's so rotten

Sloppy strippers on the pole for oxy

Not from the Carter that they cop from poppy

Nazi cops want a red dot and pop me

I'm hunting zombies, with Pun on repeat

Knee deep in shits creek, no tongue and cheek

When I speak it reeks from the curb

Listen, start itching to rob

If not, then the slob ain't doing his job

So dance with the devil before you go meet your god

[Verse 2: Vinnie Paz]

I don't gotta say no names

Cause a bitch is a bitch, I don't play those games

Official Pistol Gang, we hold thangs

And I'll bloody up your shirt like tomato stains

See I done been to hell and back

I done talked about murdering the president, my cell was tapped

I smell a rat, should've went to jail for that
These motherfuckers mailed the pipe-bomb, I mailed it back
I see all of y'all rappers as tight gay
City sought the giddy where the diesel is light grey
I don't give a fuck what you might say
Buck 50 side of the neck where the knife lay (that's where the knife go)
My horror been shining for years
I done outlasted ever single one of my peers (I'm still out here shining)
But for me that's just a common affair
Peace to Adlib, now I'm out for some beers, yeah

[Verse 3: Slaine]

Stab your nose, drunk with a six figure salary
Pop (???) who want to challenge me
I'm a superstar, you don't live in my galaxy
King with the crown, you ain't down with the palace, see
I run this town, laying in the shadows
Everybody know the name Slaine, Mr. Carol
Double-barrel shotgun, watch fools traveling
Sawing you in half, collapsing your abdomen
My dues been paid, the rules been layed down and broken
C'mon stupid, don't provoke him
You cats smoke crack rocks like '86
And you snitch ass dope fiends boosting with the shady bitch
I ain't falling with the traps and tricks
Pull the wool over your eyes when I clap the click
Ain't no fun over here, I'm on some backwards shit
Black crook, black hoodies, and the blackest kicks
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